The CHEAPEST MEAL IN WASHINGTON — AND THE MOST EXPENSIVE

Poor Man's Dinner, Cost, 15 Cents

Vegetable Soup
Country Sausage Bread
Coffee

Rich Man's Dinner, Cost, $16.30

Martini Cocktail
Lynnhaven Oysters
Celery Stuffed Olives
Green Turtle Soup
Terrapin
Champagne
Canvasback Duck
Mushrooms in Cream
French Asparagus
French Peas Squash
Apollinaris
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream
Assorted Cakes
Cordial
Camembert Cheese Cafe Turc

IF the relative merits of men could be determined by the amount of money which they spend a week or a year for their food, the man who spends the largest possible amount for this purpose would be equal to about seventy-five honest and hard-working men who are obliged to live as cheaply as possible. And if one could take the total living expenses of these two classes of men as represented in the city of Washington and make these expenses a standard of the comparative merits of the men themselves, the proportion of relative value of these exertme classes would be still greater.

We will take the daily living expenses of two men, both honest and honorable men, both hard-working men, but in widely different fields, the one a bricklayer, we will say, the other president of some large corporation. These men live within a few blocks of each other, both within a few minutes' walk of the Capitol of the United States, on the one hand, and the Treasury, on the other hand. They may be seen walking along Pennsylvania avenue every day of the week, almost side by side, within a few feet of each other.

Have Equal Start.

We will say that both of these men are descended from equally honest, honorable, and prosperous parents, that both were brought up in the country, and are blessed with equally strong bodies and healthy constitutions, and that both have had the same amount of public school education. Both men left the farm in their early manhood, filled with noble ambitions for the future and determined to reach the goal of their dreams. One man learned the trade of bricklayer, and dreamed of the day when he would own rows of houses of his own. The other man secured a position as an office boy with a large constructing concern and dreamed of the day when he would be its head. But the first man's path to success was blocked by expensive doctor's bills, with labor strikes which threw him out of work often for months at a time, and with slight misunderstandings with his various employers who did not appreciate the sterling qualities of the man hidden beneath his burly exterior. The other man did not do his work any better or any more faithfully than the poor bricklayer, but he was never out of work, because some of his fellow-employes were dissatisfied with their hours or their pay; he did not require a doctor's services more than once or twice in twenty-five years, and his employers soon recognized in the new office boy a person whom they could promote, and so he went rapidly up, step by step, until he was finally elected president of the corporation.

Bricklayer and Magnate.

Let us now look at these two men in Washington. We will follow them to their rooms and to the table, and see how each of them is housed and fed. The bricklayer has a little front room in a cheap rooming house for which he pays a dollar and a half a week. The walls of the cold and cheerless place are of white plaster, much blackened by pencil marks and greasy hands, and cracks in the plaster. Some colored newspaper pictures and a cartoon picture of President Roosevelt with his big stick, ready to wallop several trust magnates, are the only decorations of the room, unless a small faded tidy on the back of the rather dilapidated rocking chair, and a small glass vase on which are the words, "With best wishes," can be counted also as decorations. During the first week of our bricklayer's stay in Washington, while he was looking for work, he was obliged to put up with worse than his present forlorn-looking quarters. He was then so short of money that he had been compelled during that first week to hire a bed in a Mission Home, at the rate of ten cents a night. He had slept in a large room with many other men who were in the same condition as himself, some of them sober and honest, but unable to find work for the time being.

Contrast in Rooms.

We will now walk up to the New Willard and see the other former farm lad ensconced in his elegantly furnished apartments. He has a large apartment on the front corner of the building, for which he pays $24 per day. This would pay the bricklayer's room rent for one hundred and twelve days.

The corporation president has a large parlor, two bed rooms, and a bath. He leans back in a large leather chair, and sleeps in a bed which is fit for a king, better in fact than those on which some kings repose. The floors are covered with heavy carpets which yield to the tread as you walk over them. The floor of the little room which we saw a few minutes ago was bare, except for a small worn rug before the broken-legged bureau. The rich man does not pay any particular attention to his surroundings, for his head is usually filled with business schemes. There is one thing however, besides business, to which he does pay careful attention, and that is his food. His wealth brought with it a love for rich and expensive viands.

Coupon-Clipper's Breakfast.

We will look over his shoulder at the breakfast table and see what he selects from the long bill of fare, which the waiter places before him as soon as he is seated. With such a list to select from, it is hard to decide what to order. In the way of fruits there are Tokay grapes, baked apples which are very tempting, luscious oranges—oh yes, here's what he is especially fond of, grape fruit. He is feeling quite hungry, as he usually is in the morning, and tells the waiter that he thinks he can "get outside of" a whole one. First dish, 50 cents. While he is eating his grape fruit, we will look over the bill of fare.

"My, how they charge," you say. "Thirty-five cents for cream toast and twenty-five cents for oatmeal is outrageous." Yes, it does seem pretty steep, but you must remember—but, wait, he is going to give another order. Let us see what it will be. "Waiter," he says, "bring me some quail, muffins, and Bar-le-Duc currant preserves, and Julienne potatoes, and bring me coffee with whipped cream, lots of whipped cream, if there's anything I like it's coffee with whipped cream for breakfast."

Now, let's count up his bill over the waiter's shoulder and see what "the damage" is. Two seventy-five, the waiter makes it.

"That must be wrong," you say. "Well, let's see; the quail was a dollar—expensive, you know, but worth the price. The Bar le Duc preserves are imported, you know, a duc le bar on each tumbler of them, and they are 50 cents a dish. And coffee with whipped cream is 35 cents. The waiter gets a quarter, which is left from the $3, and so our rich friend's breakfast has cost him $3.

Pinch of Economy.

Possibly, we should first have seen what our poor friend had for his breakfast, for he had finished it two and a half hours before the rich one left his morning bed. If we had been on hand when he started for his breakfast we would have seen him hesitate a moment in front of the doors before starting up the street. He was deciding whether to go to the cheaper, or to the better restaurant. He is now working steadily, and yet he feels that he ought to save up a few dollars in case of a rainy day; so he goes to the cheaper place. It is not as clean as the other place, and the food is not quite so good, but he can get as much food for less money. He has not a long list to select from, and he wants the heartiest food for the money, for he has a hard day's work ahead of him.

"Let me have some oatmeal," he says. "Oatmeal and milk," bawls out the waiter through the little window whence come the products and also the odors of the kitchen in the rear.

Five cents for our friend's first dish. Then he has a dish of pork and beans, which also costs him 5 cents, several slices of bread (2 cents), and a cup of coffee (2 cents). He pays his bill, 15 cents, and starts forth to a day of hard work. At noon he has a dish of beef stew (5 cents), some bread, (2 cents), and his cup of coffee (3 cents), his lunch having cost him 10 cents in all.

Feast for a King.

While our friend is laying bricks, we will saunter back to the hotel and see what the other man has had for his luncheon. The first man had lunch; this man has luncheon. He had such a hearty breakfast that he ought not to need much at noon time. But he has been doing some pretty hard thinking during the morning about various business matters, and he feels the need of something to prepare him for his unfinished business later in the day. We will sit down where we can overhear what he orders. As a stimulant to his appetite he starts in with a Martini cocktail, and at the same time he gives his order for an oyster cocktail. He is not repeating his order in any sense, for, of course, there is much difference between a Martini and an oyster cocktail. With the cocktail he has some celery, very strengthening to the nerves.

"Some terrapin soup, waiter," is the next order. Terrapin soup is expensive, 50 cents, but the price does not make any difference to him. He glances down the menu card and cannot resist the temptation to have red head duck. He's going. He's going to have quite a nice little bill for luncheon, for this kind of duck is $5. With it he has salted almonds, French peas, mashed potatoes, claret, and demi-tasse for dessert. When he has finished his coffee, the waiter shows him a bill for $6.05. A tip of 45 cents brings it up to $6.50. Breakfast and luncheon have amounted to $9.50.

A little before 7, the laboring man drops into his restaurant. He is tired and hungry, and country sausage on the bill of fare carries him back to the days of his boyhood when he used to help his father butcher the pigs for the family's winter use. It would cost him nearly a dollar to eat this evening as much as he used to eat in those days. He will have some of the country sausage, and its costs him 7 cents, but before he orders the sausage he has a bowl of vegetable soup for 3 cents. Then he has the sausage and bread and coffee, and his entire bill amounts to 15 cents. When he reaches his room he gets a little picture of the old country home out of his trunk and stands it on the bureau. His three meals of the day have cost him 40 cents.

Occasionally our poor workingman does not spend more than 30 cents a day for his meals, for he can get a breakfast of oatmeal and bread and coffee for 10 cents, and there is one place in the city where he can get a meal consisting of soup, meat or fried oysters, one vegetable (potatoes, corn, or beans), bread, butter, and two cups of coffee, all for 10 cents. This place is partly supported by the charity of the citizens of Washington, and our workingman does not go there for his meals, except when he has been out of work for a week or so and is beginning to be very much pinched for money.

Dinner for $16.

It is nearly 9 o'clock before our corporation president enters the dining room. It has been nearly seven hours since he has had anything to eat, and he has not been idle in the meantime. In fact, he has been working hard, for it took a great deal of patience and of thoughtful argument on his part to bring several men who had dealings with him that afternoon, over to his way of thinking, and it was tiresome work. He is, therefore, prepared to eat a good substantial dinner. He feels first the need of a Martini cocktail to whet his appetite. Then come oysters, Lynnhavens, which are 30 cents, and with them the waiter brings on the celery and the stuffed olives. After the oysters comes green turtle soup, and this is a luxury which costs 75 cents. For the next, the fish course, he has terrapin, at the rate of $3 per plate, and for the regular dinner course canvasback duck at $4 a plate, with French asparagus and French peas, squash and mushrooms in cream as the vegetables. His dessert consists of tutti frutti ice cream, which is 40 cents, and assorted little cakes, and he finishes his dinner with camembert cheese and cafe turc. With his dinner he has had a pint of champagne and later a bottle of white rock water, and with such a dinner a cordial also is needed to fill out the bill, which amounts to $16.30. The waiter is given two $10 bills, and is allowed to keep the 70 cents small change. The three meals of the day have cost the man of wealth $26.50. His expense for the day for room and board has been over $50.

Rate, $350 a Week.

In the course of a week, this rate of living would cost $350. Our poor man spends 40 cents a day for food or $2.80 per week, and his expense for a week for room and board is $4.30. The rich man at his rate of living would spend as much in one week as eighty-one of our poor men. The rich man's food for the day costs him sixty-six times as much as that of the poor man, and his room costs him 112 times as much, while his combined expenses for the day were eighty-one times as much.

It may be said that no man who started in as a poor boy, worked his way up would be so foolish as to spend $25 a day for his food. It is true that the majority of men of that sort do have more realization of the proper use of money; but there are exceptions to the rule, and there are men of this class who do not stop to consider the fact that by their reckless extravagance they are placing themselves in the same class with the thoughtless sons of rich men who have no appreciation of the true source and right use of their inherited millions. They do not stop to consider the miserable existence of the poor men who have added bit by bit to the immense pile of their great wealth.

Will the day come in this country when it will not be possible for one man to spend 40 cents a day for his meals and another man, who is no better in many ways, $25?

Woman Who Successfully Hunts Big Game

IF you ask Mrs. Evelyn J. Cameron, of Custer county, Mont., what she has got out of her life of camping and hunting, she will probably laugh merrily and reply:

"Rheumatism, chiefly."

Mrs. Cameron is the Englishwoman who introduced the divided skirt into that part of the country in the days before you could buy a pattern for one in any department store. Ever since she was a girl on her father's place in Surrey, and elected to put in her time shooting rabbits and grouse with her brothers instead of doing fancy work and going to dances, she has been devoted to hunting.

Tradition has it that Mrs. Cameron never did her own hair before she struck Montana. And now?

"I've spent January and February in a tiny Indian tent," said Mrs. Cameron, "with the mercury 40 degrees below zero, and our noses and chins were all blistered with the cold. And I've had my hair frizzled by lightning so that it made a crackling sound, and the people at home asked me how I came to burn it. And I've had the tent blow down on me in a hurricane and have slept night after night with only a blanket between me and the frozen ground.

"But the great hunting days are over in Custer county, and the ranchman and granger will see to it that they never return. About all that is left to the sportswoman today is to hunt with the camera.

"My first experience in hunting big game in Montana was in 1889, when my husband and I came out here on our honeymoon and started in to hunt deer, antelope and mountain lion on Cabin creek. We took an Englishman along to cook for us, and had as our guide John Montague, one of Custer's old scouts.

One day the three of us were out when we succeeded in starting a fine large lion. I had the first shot, but missed. My husband and I were standing on the top of a washout at the time.

"The terrified animal rushed past us and into the hole in the washout for safety. Monty ran below to dislodge it, when, frightened past all sense of prudence, the lion darted out of his hole and jumped right up where we were standing.

"It was then our turn to be scared, not only for ourselves, but for the guide. A shot from my husband's rifle brought down the lion before he had had time to do any mischief, however.

"The lion measured six feet from tip to tip, and the taxidermist in Mandan who set it up for us said it was the largest he had ever seen.

"The mountain lion is big enough and fierce enough to provide sufficiently exciting sport for the average sportsman or sportswoman. It was with no little satisfaction that my husband and I accepted an invitation to hunt on Pumpkin Creek, where a friend of ours had a few days before lost twelve sheep through the depredations of a lion.

"This lion had twice been seen devouring a sheep which it had dragged out of the corral, and it had been responsible for the death of no less than twenty-eight in all.

"Well, we hunted mountain lion on Pumpkin Creek all that winter, but we never got another chance at one like that we had over on Cabin Creek. We heard constantly of lions being sighted and of their jumping into the sheep pens and throttling of the sheep, and we came upon a number of their holes and smoked them out.

"But we never had much luck with it all, so in the spring of '90 we gave it up and started off on a bear hunt on the north side of the Yellowstone.

"This time we took ten or twelve horses along with us, two wagons for the horses' feed and our own provisions, and a cook and a guide. Our trip was to last two months. Remembering what hard luck we had been playing in with the mountain lion, we promised Lisk, our guide, $100 if he succeeded in raising a bear for us.

"The first night out we camped near the bear country. Great was our delight when the hound began to bay. Raising from our blankets and getting into our shooting togs post haste, we started to follow in high hopes of running down something worth while.

"There, sure enough, were the fresh tracks of a bear. Not the slightest doubt that our poor old played-out dog had raised some sport for us this time.

"When daylight came we prepared to follow up those bear tracks to the bitter end. And we did. But we never caught up with the bear that they belonged to.

"Bears, if you don't happen to know, are terrible travelers. They never give up, but just keep going and going, and they can keep ahead of a man indefinitely.

"Another day when we were out we saw what we took to be a mare and foals traveling along together. Looking at them through the binoculars, we found they were a she bear and two cubs. So we made a detour and came up with them.

"My husband had the first shot. He hit the old bear squarely in the side. Falling over, the wounded bear made gallant and pathetic efforts to shield her cubs from our rifles. She would bang at them, first with one paw, then with the other, slapping them as hard as she could with her waning strength to make them get on the farther side of her.

"'Now it's your turn,' said my husband.

"I fired, hitting her in the head right through the ear. She never rose again.

"The cubs, sensing the hard fact that their protector was dead, got on her body and began to lap it and nozzle it, doing their best in their poor confused way to waken it to its old motherly warmth and activity. We caught them without much difficulty, and having secured them, proceeded to skin our trophy.

"We found her astonishingly fat considering that it was in the spring, when bears are usually thin with their enforced fast of the winter. But the only food in her stomach was a bit of rawhide.

"Horses are afraid of bears. The scent of a bear is often enough to throw them into a panic. Some cannot be induced to approach a bear, living or dead, and the attempt to pack a bear carcass on the back of your pany will generally cause a perfectly gentle animal to become unmanageable.

"We experienced all this and more when we tried to put our bear hide on the back of my husband's horse. That animal immediately began to rear and jump, and when the four of us, using every resource at our command, jointly and severally, had finally succeeded in strapping the hide to the saddle he began to buck and shy so furiously that he succeeded in dislodging the hide, which tumbled to the ground, bringing down saddle and all. After all our work we had to leave our trophy behind us, as it was growing dark.

"As it was, Lisk and I, who attempted to get the two bear babies back to the camp in safety, lost our way in the darkness, and had to stop while he built a big fire as a danger signal. My husband, who, not being hindered by our small, toddling charges, was able to make good time, had reached camp, but seeing our signal fire, rode back and rescued us."

SEA GULLS OF MANHATTAN.

Toil and tumult, conflict and confusion,
Clank and clamor of the vast machine
Human hands have built for human bondage—
Yet amid it all you float serene:
Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly
Down to glean your harvest from the wave,
Drifting at your ease across the harbor
You have kept the freedom nature gave.

Even so the wildwoods of Manhattan
Saw your wheeling flocks of white and gray,
Even so you circled, sailed, and floated
Round the Half-Moon creeping up the bay;
Even so your beaded eyes were glistening,
While you fluttered o'er the tidal rips,
Screaming with your thin and tremulous voices
Round the sullen British prison ships.

Children of the elemental mother,
Fearless floaters 'mid the double blue,
From the crowded boats that cross the ferries
Many a longing heart goes out to you.
Though the cities climb and close around us,
Something tells us that our souls are free,
While the sea gulls fly above the harbor,
While the river flows to meet the sea!
—Henry Van Dyke, in Scribner's.

Blacksmith's Daughter Became a Copper Queen

MRS. FLORA H. SHATTO, of Cleveland, Ohio, once known as "The Copper Queen," is suing her husband, John M. Shatto, for divorce, and when the case is heard in Cuyahoga county divorce court, another chapter will be told in a story which has included the wreck of two homes, the financial ruin of a millionaire, and the rise of the daughter of a blacksmith and wife of a poor telegraph operator to the possession of twice a million dollars.

Mrs. Shatto charges neglect of duty and failure to provide for her. Mr. Shatto is either in Renova, Pa., or Baltimore, broken in health, and, according to repute, in financial straits. For the last two years his wife has been living in a mansion at 106 Tilden avenue, Cleveland.

It was fifteen years ago that Shatto took his young wife to Erie, Pa. They had been married in 1883, from the home of her father, a blacksmith, in Youngsville, Pa. Shatto was an operator on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad.

Soon after his removal to Erie he was made chief dispatcher on the line. Mrs. Shatto, introduced into a modest circle of society, caused a furore by her beauty. Soon the fame of her attractions spread into higher circles, and Mrs. Shatto was received into the home of the wealthiest citizens of northern Pennsylvania.

At this time the Shattos made the acquaintance of Charles M. Reed, once vice president of the Lake Shore railroad, and heir to $6,000,000 from the estate of his father, Gen. C. M. Reed, a noted Pennsylvanian. Soon after the Shattos moved into the most luxurious suite in the Reed Hotel, owned by the Reed estate.

Reed was largely interested in the famous Calumet-Hecla copper mines and other mining properties. Friendly stock tips to Mr. and Mrs. Shatto by Reed effected their sudden rise to affluence. But Reed's fortune took flight through reckless speculation on the New York Stock Exchange.

Mrs. Shatto, however, appeared soon as the owner of stock in the Calumet-Hecla, and as sole owner of other valuable properties. Her fame spread abroad, and from the success of her business enterprise and the color of her hair she became noted as "The Copper Queen."

About four years ago Shatto left his wife, and went to the home of his parents, in Renovo. Since that time Mrs. Shatto has lived in New York and Cleveland, with her mother and sister. Her wealth has apparently increased steadily.

Mrs. Shatto bears a striking personal resemblance to Mme. Emma Eames, the operatic star

New Suit for Divers Resists Pressure Best

A NOVELTY in the way of diving apparatus is the invention of M. De Pluvy, a prominent hydrographic engineer of Paris. This invention is one which promises to be of great value in salvage operations. As De Pluvy has had many years' experience in diving operations there is no doubt that the apparatus is of practical value. He uses a metallic diving suit which is made somewhat on the plan of the ancient coat-of-arms, being built of light and strong sheet metal having a thickness varying from 0.2 to 0.3 inch, according to the position of the pieces. The joints and coupling points are made of pressed leather and rubber, and a special form of hydraulic joint is employed. On the top of the armor is fixed the helmet, which is the principal feature of the apparatus. The air is not brought to the diver from the outside, as usual, but the air he breathes is sent by a tube into a special regenerating chamber containing certain chemical products which renew the supply of oxygen and the air is then sent to the interior of the helmet by another tube.

The air-renewing apparatus is contained in a pair of cylindrical chambers attached to each side of the helmet. Regulating valves keep the air pressure within the helmet at the right amount and always constant, no matter what the depth may be below the surface. Mounting and descending are effected by a drum and cable worked by an electric motor. At the same time the cable serves to carry the current which is needed for the respiratory apparatus. The diver communicates with the surface by a telephone and a number of wires run from the armor up to a set of colored lamps, showing how the different parts are working. There are many advantages to be secured from the new apparatus, and we expect to give a more complete and illustrated description of this interesting device. M. de Pluvy has personally been able to go down to a great depth, and during the 115 descents which he has already made with the new divng suit he reached depths varying from 150 to 300 feet. This far exceeds the depth to which an ordinary diver can go.

Besides the new diving dress M. de Pluvy is also the inventor of a collapsible caisson which may be used in connection with the diving suit.

How Wheat Is Turned Into Tires for Wheels

A NEW substitute for rubber has been found, and if the claims of the inventor prove to be well founded we shall some day see motorcars and bicycles with tires made of wheat, golf balls that once were kernels of maize, pavements of barley, and linoleum that might have been rye bread.

British Patent Office records show that some 300 inventions of substitutes have been filed, not one of which has attained success.

The new claimant is William Thredfall Carr, of Wembley. He purposes to make artificial rubber from cereals. It is said that a syndicate of capitalists interested in tire manufacturing have offered him $1,250,000 for his patent rights.

The invention of artificial rubber was prophesied at the recent meeting of the British Association, and the industrial world has been eager for it ever since the motorcar and bicycle trades threatened to exhaust the supply of the natural article.

Mr. Carr's substitute is obtained by treating any cereal with phyalin, a well-known chemical substance that acts in solution as a ferment, turning the starchy matter in grain into dextrose. Another chemical is used in the process to check the fermentation at any desired stage. This makes it possible to produce the artificial rubber in several different strengths.

The inventor proposes to make the substance in six grades, from a liquid solution suitable for waterproofing to a hardness suitable for golf balls, in which form it is said to possess the lightness of cork and the toughness of chilled steel. In other grades it will be serviceable for tires, tubes, linoleum work and slabs or sheets for block pavements.

Mr. Carr intends to visit Canada and other grain-producing countries for the purpose of arranging for supplies of cereals in quantities sufficient to cope with the operations contemplated. When he was asked if his invention might not have the effect of increasing the price of food, he replied:

"There is no danger. The new linoleum will be a reserve food supply, in the event of a famine it can be boiled and reconverted into food."

DON'T DISPUTE IT.

Of men who cry, "I told you so!"
'Tis easy to be rid.
The shortest way is just to say:
"That's so; of course, you did."
—Catholic Standar dand Times.